

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### *The Rev. George Croly's New Poems.*

#### "THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD."

As the volume whence the following extracts are taken, will not be before the public (as we learn) for a week or ten days, we shall confine our present view of it to the first poem, entitled as above. Of the poetical powers of the author of *Paris*, and the *Elegy on the Death of the Princess Charlotte*, it is hardly necessary that we should speak: that the former is one of the most sublime, and the latter one of the most deeply pathetic poems of its kind in the English language, is our unqualified opinion. But while we confess the great genius of the bard, we must acknowledge that in some things he affords materials for opposite criticism. We think, that he despises as niceties, some of the ornaments of verse; and while he sweeps along with the pomp and majesty of a magnificent river, regards, perhaps too little, the sweet attractive graces of the rill or cascade. Grandeur of conception, and splendour of imagery, are certainly the distinctions of his longer productions; yet, in slight pieces from his pen, we have the finest specimens of the natural and tasteful. At this time, however, our business is with a work of the former class; and we presume to think, that the following quotations will fully justify the high admiration of Mr. Croly's talents which we have ventured to express. Amid the most brilliant glow, the true poetic thought ever and anon sparkles, with a still brighter effulgency.

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD, is an Arabian tale, founded on the story of Harith and Maruth, the angels, who, boasting of their superiority to temptation, were sent to try their virtue in the world. A spirit was employed to tempt them; and after failing in many ways, induced them to drink wine; after which they were accessible to all irregularities, and disclosed the words that make inferior creatures angelic. They were sentenced on the spot, and undone for ever: the story was told by Mahomet, as a peculiar warning against wine. Some alterations have been made, as more suitable to the

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conduct of a poem,—there is but one angel, and at each advance of the temptation, he receives a warning by some phenomenon of earth or air. His chief seduction is preeminent beauty. The severity of his sentence is remitted, and he is not left without return.

The poem opens with a view of Damascus, where the angel of the world has his throne. Its glory and superstitious traditions are nobly described:—

East of the city stands a lofty mount,  
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in  
sunder;  
And thro' the fragments rolls a little fount,  
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and  
thunder;  
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;  
For there are flowers unnumbered blossoming,  
With but the hare and calmed marble under;  
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,  
No such perfumes as in that mountain's rocky  
ring.

And some, who prayed the night out on the  
hill,  
Have said they heard,—unless it was their  
dream,  
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill;  
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,  
A sound of music, such as they might deem  
The song of spirits—that would sometimes  
sail  
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,  
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail;  
Then come again, and thus, till LUCIFER was  
pale.

And some, hot bolder still, had dared to turn  
That soil of mystery for hidden gold;  
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them  
burn,  
And died:—by few that venturous tale was  
told.  
And wealth was found; yet, as the pilgrims  
hold,  
Tho' it was glorious on the mountain's brow;  
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,  
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow,  
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots  
now.

Previously the Angel of the World sat  
here for judgement, and to him came the  
temptress, to wreck his glory and retard  
his appointed flight to heaven. How deli-  
ghtful is the sunset scene, contrasted  
with the gorgeous attributes of the angel  
abode:

The sun was slowly sinking to the West,  
Pavilioned with a thousand glorious dyes;  
The turtle-loves were winging to the nest;  
Along the mountain's soft declivities,  
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,  
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;  
Low sank the city's hum, the shepherd's cries:  
A moment, and the lingering day was gone;  
A moment, and the impatient Angel's task was  
done.

Of had he gazed upon that lovely vale,  
But never gazed with gladness such as now;  
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale  
He saw the solemn sun-light's fainter glow,  
He heard the Imams' sacred voice below  
Swell like a silver trumpet on the air,  
The vintager's sweet song, the camels' low,  
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by  
pair;

Flinging long giant shadows in the sunset glare.  
He raised his sceptre, and a rush of plumes  
Shook the thick dew-drops from the rose's  
dyes;

And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,  
A sudden crowd of forms, with lightning eyes,  
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Para-  
dise,

Circled the bower of beauty on the wing;  
And the rich air was filled with symphonies  
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,  
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung ho-  
vering.

The deceitful pilgrim prefers a prayer,  
and is heard: she then throws off her dis-  
guise.

The weeper rais'd the veil; a ruby lip  
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's  
deeper hue,  
Yet delicate as roses when they dip  
Their buds half opening in the morning dew.  
Then beamed the eyes, twin stars of living  
blue;  
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,  
That turned to golden as the light wind threw  
Their clusters in the western golden glare,  
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were stand-  
ing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze  
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground;  
But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze,  
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,  
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.  
He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;  
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;  
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,  
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told  
all its tale.

The Angel becomes the slave of earthly  
charms; and the following admirable apos-  
trophe to beauty follows:—

Beauty, what art thou that thy slightest gaze  
Can make the spirit from its centre roll,  
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy  
maze;  
Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul;  
One glorious vision lighting up the whole  
Of the wide world; or one deep, wild desire,  
By day and night consuming, sad and sore;  
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own  
fire

Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering  
pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;  
Companionship divine, stern solitude;  
Thou Serpent, coloured with the brightest  
gleams

That e'er hid poison, making hearts by fowl;

Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,  
Victim of visions that from life's purpose steal,  
Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,  
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must  
heal;  
Bright Spirit was it thine that mortal woe to  
feel?

The enthralment proceeds, and the do-  
minion of loveliness extends:—

The night-breeze from its mountains had  
begun,  
And as it winged among the clouds of even,  
That slept along the horizon, where the Sun  
Still blaz'd below the fiery verge of Heaven,  
Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were  
driven.

Like flaming mountains, mighty palace halls,  
Whose lights, from gold and emerald lamps  
were given;

Then chang'd to citadels and battled walls,  
Then sank to valleys sweet with silver waterfalls.

How splendid is this picture of the clouds  
of an eastern sky! The landscape is worthy  
of this heaven.

But loveliest of the vision was the vale  
That from the mountain slop'd—the vale of  
bowers,  
Inlay of all rich hues,—the tamarisk pale  
Dyed with geranium, and the Indian flowers  
Of the spiced clove, and jessamine's white  
showers

Like shiver'd silver, and the gorgeous rose,  
And, in the midst, Damascus' ivory towers,  
Bathed in the purple beauty of repose,  
All but the central mosque that in red splendour  
glows.

He saw the vale reclining in the shade  
Of its bold mountains, like a smiling child  
In its mail'd father's bosom; crag and glade  
Festoon'd with myrtles to their summits wild,  
And villages, and domes of marble pil'd  
On rocks still towering thro' the tender mist,  
That, ting'd with eve, now veil'd that valley  
mild,

And, as the rising star their foreheads kist,  
Were lustrous pearl, sweet sapphire, weeping  
amethyst.

One of the natural warning phenomena,  
is a tempest, thus described—

Was it a dream? the vale was wild and bare,  
And o'er it brooded broad a sulphurous cloud:  
The soil grew red and rifted with its glare;  
Down to their roots the mountain cedars  
bowed;

Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,  
Yellow and pale, thick seamed with streaks of  
flame,

Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud;  
The lion bounded from its scared and tame;  
Behind it, darkening Heaven, the mighty whirl-  
wind came.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain;  
A caravan, approached the evening well,  
A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane;  
And lovely came its distant, solemn swell  
Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell,  
The sandy ocean rose before their eye.

In thunder on their bending host it fell,  
Ten thousand lips sent up one fearful cry;  
The sound was still'd at once, beneath the wave  
they lie.

The hapless angel is prevailed upon to  
drink wine, and the whole result is thus  
magically told—

Th' Enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet  
dream,

Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,  
And on the bending Spirit fixed the beam  
Of her deep, dewy melancholy eye.  
The undone Angel gave no more reply  
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair  
That floated on her neck of ivory,  
And breathless pressing with her ringlets fair,  
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and  
despair.

The storm of light is on the clouds receding,  
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,  
But o'er the pole an amber flame is spreading,  
In shooting, starry points, and far within  
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.  
It opens, but who sits upon that throne?  
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.

Checked on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,  
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd to be  
undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek  
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,  
And pressed it closer on her dazzling neck.  
But even in that swift gaze he could espy  
A look that made his heart's blood backward  
fly.

Was it a dream? there echoed in his ear  
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!  
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,  
When the heart longs to know, what it is death  
to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,  
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning ear;  
But thro' his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,  
To see its spleen stern, unearthly glare;  
She stood a statue of sublime despair,  
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirit froze,  
His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd for  
air;

She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with  
brows

As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of  
rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood  
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye  
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food  
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.

There was between them now, nor tear nor  
sigh;

Theirs was the deep communion of the soul;  
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury;  
What was to them or Heaven or Earth, the  
whole

Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad,  
and sole.

Th' Enchantress first, shook off the silent  
trance;

And in a voice sweet as the murmuring  
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's  
glance,  
Besought the desperate one to spread the wing  
Beyond the power of his vindictive King.

Slave to her slightest word, he rais'd his  
plume,

A purple cloud, and stood in act to spring  
Thro' that fierce upward sea of storm and  
gloom,

She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a  
tonb.

The Angel cheer'd her, "No! let Justice  
wreak

Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."  
A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;  
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the  
tone

With mad delight; "Oh there is one way,  
one,  
To save us both. Are there not mighty words  
Graved on the magnet throne where Solomon  
Sits ever guarded by the Genii swords;  
To give thy servant wings like her resplendent  
Lord's?"

This was the sin of Sins! The first, last crime,  
In Earth and Heaven, unnamed, unnameable;  
This from his gorgeous throne, before all  
time,  
Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell;  
He started back.—"What urged him to rebel;  
What led that soft seducer to his bower?  
Could he have laid upon his soul that spell,  
Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly  
flower?"

But for that fatal cup, he had been free that  
hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.  
He caught the upward, humble, weeping  
gleam

Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued.  
He sighed, and at his sigh he saw it beam:  
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!  
A moment's lingering, and they both must  
die.

The lightning round them shot a broader  
stream,

He felt her clasp his knees in agony;  
He spoke the words of might,—the thunder gave  
reply!

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud;  
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire.  
Now, round the Mount its canopy is bow'd,  
A vault of stone on columns of red fire.  
The stars like lamps along its roof expire;  
But thro' its centre bursts an orb of rays;  
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire!  
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping  
blaze.

The culprits dared not there their guilty eye-  
balls raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling  
sphere,

That mortal sense might never hear and live.  
They pierced like arrows thro' the Angel's ear;  
He bowed his head; 'twas vain to fly or strive.  
Down comes the final wrath: the thunders  
give

The doubled peal,—the rains in cataracts  
sweep,

Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rive;  
The Mountain summits to the valley leap,  
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd  
heap.

The storm stands still! a moment's pause of  
terror!

All dungeon dark!—Again the lightning's  
yawn,

Shewing the Earth as in a quivering mirror.  
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one  
Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone.  
He dared not see her corpse!—he closed his  
eyes;

A voice burst o'er him solemn as the tone  
Of the last trump—he glanced upon the skies,  
He saw what shook his soul with terror, shame,  
surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him; two broad  
plumes

Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd  
air;

Her face was glorious still, but love's young  
blooms

Had vanished for the hue of bold despair;  
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair,

And as she looked upon her prostrate prize,  
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,  
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size,  
'Twas Eblis, king of Hell's relentless sovereign-  
ties.

The tempter spoke—"Spirit, thou might'st  
have stood,  
But thou hast fallen a weak and willing slave.  
Now were thy feeble heart our serpent's food,  
Thy bed our burning Ocean's sleepless wave,  
But haughty Heaven controuls the power it  
gave.  
Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy  
sphere,  
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave;  
Till the Sun rolls the grand concluding year;  
Till Earth is Paradise; then shall thy crime be  
clear."

The Angel listen'd,—risen upon one knee,  
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismay'd.  
His gold starr'd plume hung round him droop-  
ingly,  
His brow, like marble, on his hand was staid,  
Still thro' the auburn locks, o'erhanging shade  
His face shone beautiful; he heard his ban.  
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said;  
He plunged within his hands his visage wan,  
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-  
pulses ran.

The Giant grasp'd him as he fell to Earth,  
And his black vases upon the air were flung,  
A tabernacle dark;—and shouts of mirth  
Mingled with shriekings thro' the tempest  
swung;  
His arm around the fainting Angel clung.  
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;  
A moment o'er the Mount of ruin hung,  
Then burst thro' space like the red comet's  
cone,  
Leaving his track on heaven, a burning, end-  
less zone.

If these verses speak not for themselves,  
we cannot speak for them. There are rhymes  
which may be found fault with—but the soul  
of poetry is so forcibly felt, that we cannot  
stoop to words.

The other principal poem, Sebastian, is  
a Spanish tale of convents and cavaliers,  
of gallant adventure and romantic love,  
laid in the war of the succession, and  
containing some descriptions of the  
scenery of the east coast of Spain. The  
poem is in the irregular Italian metre,  
and about the same length as the Angel  
of the World. This, with the miscella-  
neous poetry which concludes the vol-  
ume, we purpose noticing in our next.

*Journals of Two Expeditions into the In-  
terior of New South Wales; under-  
taken by order of the British Govern-  
ment, in the Years 1817-18. By John  
Oxley, Surveyor General of the Ter-  
ritory, and Lieutenant R. N. London,  
1820. 4to. pp. 408.*

As a Government Report, the matter  
contained in this volume, and as a sur-  
veyor, the author's exertions to perform  
the duty allotted to him, are worthy of  
much praise; but as a book for general  
information, or interesting narrative of

travelling adventures, it certainly does  
not appear to us to be worthy of publi-  
cation in so large and so extensive a  
form. The entire substance of these  
expeditions might reasonably have been  
comprized in a small octavo; and the  
maps and charts, on a fair scale, might  
have been so executed as to render the  
whole a moderate, instead of an extra-  
vagant work. A journey of four or five  
hundred miles into the wilds and mo-  
rasses of New South Wales, could hardly  
be productive of events to fill a 50s. tome;  
and, in point of fact, we would under-  
take to state all its material results in  
50 pages. We shall have therefore the  
less trouble in presenting a very full  
analysis of it in small compass to our  
readers; and we are sorry, that with all  
our research, and with the review of  
Wentworth's Statistical Description of  
New South Wales to boot, (for which  
see pages 641 and 647 of the Literary  
Gazette for 1819), we shall be able to  
give only a very imperfect idea of this  
part of the world.

The first expedition went down the Lach-  
lan river, through a miserable barren coun-  
try, till the stream was lost in swamps: the  
party then crossed the country about 160  
miles to the Macquarie river, up which they  
returned to Bathurst, after an absence of  
19 weeks. The expedition of 1818, on the  
contrary, proceeded down the Macquarie till  
that river, (supposed by Mr. Wentworth to be  
2000 miles long, and to disembogue itself on  
the Western coast!) was also swallowed up in  
a marshy plain, which Mr. Oxley presumes to  
be the border of an inland sea; and thence  
the explorators directed their course due east,  
and regained the coast at the mouth of a  
river called the Hastings, above a hundred  
miles to the north of Port Jackson. Thus,  
we see that a very unimportant part of the  
interior of Holland was explored; and in  
these routes very little is developed either  
respecting the natives, natural history, bot-  
any, or other matters of consequence to be  
known. We simply learn that journeying  
was difficult; and that fish, emus, kangar-  
oos, and black swans, were caught and  
eaten by our harrassed countrymen. The  
natives seen were merely scattered families,  
shy and timid; and on the sea coast more  
numerous and treacherous. Every hill and  
valley, pond and streamlet, was christened  
after some minister of state, governor, judge,  
or great man; and whatever the settlers may  
be in Botany Bay, if these appellations re-  
main, it will be impossible to call the country  
by bad names.

We subjoin the few scanty notices of the  
aborigines.

"A native was seen about half a mile from  
our fires: the dogs attacked him, and when  
called off, he ran away shouting most lustily;  
he was a very stout man, at least six feet  
high, entirely naked, with a long bushy beard;  
he had no arms of any kind:

"Two of the men, who were about a mile  
ahead of the main party, fell in with a small  
native family, consisting of a man, two wo-  
men, and three children, the eldest about  
three years old. The man was very stout  
and tall; he was armed with a jagged spear,  
and no friendly motions of the men (who  
were totally unarmed), could induce him to  
lay it aside, or suffer them to approach him:  
during the short time they were with him,  
he kept the most watchful eye upon them;  
and when the men calling the dogs together  
were about to depart, he threw down with  
apparent fierceness the little bark gumah  
which had sheltered him and his family dur-  
ing the night, and made towards the river,  
calling loudly and repeatedly, as if to bring  
others to his assistance: he was quite naked,  
except the netted band round the waist, in  
which were women's. The women were  
covered with skins over their shoulders, and  
the two younger children were slung in  
them on their backs.

"We had just pitched our tent when  
hearing the noise of the stone hatchet, made  
by a native in climbing a tree, we stole si-  
lently upon him, and surprised him just as  
he was about to descend: he did not perceive  
us until we were immediately under the tree;  
his terror and astonishment were extreme.  
We used every friendly motion in our power  
to induce him to descend, but in vain: he  
kept calling loudly, as we supposed for some  
of his companions to come to his assistance;  
in the mean time he threw down to us the  
game he had procured (a ring tailed opossum)  
making signs for us to take it up: in a short  
time another native came towards us, when  
the other descended from the tree. They  
trembled excessively, and, if the expression  
may be used, were absolutely intoxicated  
with fear, displayed in a thousand antic  
motions, convulsive laughing, and singular  
motions of the head. They were both youths  
not exceeding twenty years of age, of good  
countenance and figure, but most horribly  
marked by the skin and flesh being raised in  
long stripes all over the back and body;  
some of those stripes were full three-quar-  
ters of an inch deep, and were so close toge-  
ther that scarcely any of the original skin  
was to be seen between them. The man who  
had joined us, had three or four small opos-  
sums and a snake, which he laid upon the  
ground, and offered us. We led them to our  
tent, where their surprise at every thing they  
saw clearly showed that we were the first  
white men they had met with; they had  
however either heard of or seen tomahawks,  
for upon giving one to one of them, he clasped  
it to his breast and demonstrated the  
greatest pleasure. After admiring it for some  
time they discovered the broad arrow, with  
which it was marked on both sides, the im-  
pression of which exactly resembles that  
made by the foot of the emu; it amused  
them extremely, and they frequently pointed  
to it and the emu skins which we had with  
us. All this time they were paying great at-  
tention to the roasting of their opossums,  
and when they were scarcely warm through,  
they opened them, and, taking out the fat of  
the entrails, presented it to us as the choicest



morsel; on our declining to receive it they ate it themselves, and again covered up the opossums in the hot ashes. When they were apparently well done, they hid them, the snake, and the things we had presented them with, on the ground, making signs that they wished to go; which of course we allowed them to do, together with their little store of provisions and such things as we were able to spare them. The collection of words which we had made at the depot on the Lachlan, we found of no use, as they did not understand a single one. They had neither of them lost the upper front tooth, though apparently men grown.

"Some of the baggage horses, which were a mile or two behind the others, came up to the tents, with nine natives, who had joined them on the road: they were entirely unarmed, and there was but one mogo, or stone hatchet, among them; we had reason to suppose that their women and children were at no great distance, as they were observed to hide themselves when the men were first seen. The greater part of them had either seen or heard of white men, as they were neither alarmed nor astonished at what they saw. I should think that the loss of the front upper tooth is not common to every tribe, as several of these men retained it, although others were without it; the wearing of a stick, or bone, through the cartilage of the nose, appeared common to all of them. They remained about an hour with us: we gave them the fore-quarter of a kangaroo, and putting our remaining pork into a bag, we distributed the iron hoops of the keg in small pieces among them; these were received with as much pleasure as an European would have felt at being presented with the like quantity of gold. It was impossible distinctly to make out anything that they wished to express, by reason of the variety of their gestures; but their frequent pointing to the south-east (the direction of Bathurst), induced us to believe that they thought we were going there, a conjecture which we did all in our power to confirm. Wishing, if possible, to learn if they knew anything of the river, a fishing hook was given to one of them, but he did not seem to understand the use of it until Mr. Evans drew the resemblance of a fish, and made signs that the hook was to take it, when they immediately understood him, and pointing to the east made signs that the fish were there; but our endeavours to learn the distance of the river were wholly fruitless. They appeared a harmless, inoffensive race of people, extremely cautious of giving offence, and never touching anything until they had first by signs obtained permission.

"Few traces of natives have been observed, either on the river, or since we quitted it. The population of this country must be extremely small: as the natives derive their chief support from opossums, squirrels, and rats, which are known to frequent barren scrubs and hollow trees, such neighbourhoods are unquestionably frequented by them in preference to the open country and river banks. It must be a mere accident that enables the natives to kill either a kangaroo or emu: as

to fish, they certainly are ignorant of the manner of taking them by hook and line."

"June 18.—As we were on the point of setting forward, a large party of natives made their appearance on the opposite side of the river: they set up a most hideous and discordant noise, making signs, as well as we could understand them, for us to depart and go down the river. After beating their spears and waddies together for about a quarter of an hour, accompanied by no friendly gestures, they went away up the river, while we pursued our course in an opposite direction.

"The natives (on the Macquarie) appear numerous in these regions of apparent desolation: we fell in with several parties in the course of the day, in the whole probably not less than forty, and many fires were seen to the north. Being a mile or two ahead of our party in a thick brush, I came suddenly upon three men; two ran off with the greatest speed; the third, who was older and a little lame, first threw his firestick at me, and next (seeing me still advance) a waddie, but with such agitation, that though not more than a dozen paces distant, he missed both me and my horse. I returned to my party, and in company with them surprised the native camp; we found there eight women and twelve children, just on the point of departing with their infants in their cloaks on their backs; on seeing us, they seized each other by the hand, formed a circle, and threw themselves on the ground, with their heads and faces covered. Unwilling to add to their evident terror, we only remained a few minutes, during which time the children frequently peeped at us from beneath their clothes; indeed, they seemed more surprised than alarmed: the mothers kept uttering a low and mournful cry, as if entreating mercy. In the camp were several spears, or rather lances, as they were much too ponderous to be thrown by the arm; these were jagged: there were also some clamongs (shields), clubs, chisels, and several work bags filled with every thing necessary for the toilet of a native belle; namely, paint and feathers, necklaces of teeth, and nets for the head, with thread formed of the sinews of the opossum's tail for making their cloaks. The men belonging to the camp were heard shouting at no great distance; their affection for their families was not, however, sufficiently powerful to induce them to attempt their rescue from the hands of such unfabulous centaurs, as we doubtless appeared to them."

"Burial.—"Almost directly under the hill near our halting-place, we saw a tumulus, which was apparently of recent construction (within a year at most). It would seem that some person of consideration among the natives had been buried in it, from the exterior marks of a form which had certainly been observed in the construction of the tomb and surrounding seats. The form of the whole was semicircular. Three rows of seats occupied one half, the grave and an outer row of seats the other; the seats formed segments of circles of fifty, forty-five, and forty feet each, and were formed by the soil being trenched up from between them. The cen-

tre part of the grave was about five feet high, and about nine long, forming an oblong pointed cone.

"I hope I shall not be considered as either wantonly disturbing the remains of the dead, or needlessly violating the religious rites of an harmless people, in having caused the tomb to be opened, that we might examine its interior construction. The whole outward form and appearance of the place was so totally different from that of any custom or ceremony in use by the natives on the eastern coast, where the body is merely covered with a piece of bark and buried in a grave about four feet deep, that we were induced to think that the manner of interring the body might also be different. On removing the soil from one end of the tumulus, and about two feet beneath the solid surface of the ground, we came to three or four layers of wood, lying across the grave, serving as an arch to bear the weight of the earthy cone or tomb above. On removing one end of those layers, sheet after sheet of dry bark was taken out, then dry grass and leaves in a perfect state of preservation, the wet or damp having apparently never penetrated even to the first covering of wood. We were obliged to suspend our operation for the night, as the corpse became extremely offensive to the smell, resolving to remove on the morrow all the earth from the top of the grave, and expose it for some time to the external air before we searched farther.

"July 30.—Employed in preparing dead cypress trees for the timber of the raft. The rain continued throughout the day without intermission, and prevented us from making much progress with it. This morning we removed all the earth from the tomb and grave, and found the body deposited about four feet deep in an oval grave, four feet long and from eighteen inches to two feet wide. The feet were bent quite up to the head, the arms having been placed between the thighs. The face was downwards, the body being placed east and west, the head to the east.

"It had been very carefully wrapped in a great number of opossum skins, the head bound round with the net usually worn by the natives, and also the girdle: it appeared after being enclosed in those skins to have been placed in a larger net, and then deposited in the manner before mentioned. The bones and head showed that they were the remains of a powerful tall man. The hair on the head was perfect, being long and black; the under part of the body was not totally decayed, giving us reason to think that he could not have been interred above six or eight months. Judging from his hair and teeth, he might have been between thirty and forty years of age: to the west and north of the grave were two cypress trees, distant between fifty and sixty feet; the sides toward the tomb were barked, and curious characters deeply cut upon them, in a manner which, considering the tools they possess, must have been a work of great labour and time. Having satisfied our curiosity, the whole was carefully re-interred, and restored as near as possible to the station in which it was found." (To be concluded next No.)



## TURNER'S TRAVELS IN THE LEVANT.

Mr. Turner having travelled over so much of interesting ground, and written a great deal (if not very strikingly) about it, we take up his third octavo for a concluding notice. This volume, like the others, is neatly ornamented; and, with the exception of two wood impressions of persons lugged, in good taste: the author surely did not intend these as practical puns on head and tail pieces. Its text consists of accounts of several of the Grecian Islands, and of travels through parts of Asia Minor: to which, by way of addenda, Mr. Turner has thrown in the notes from his common place book, forming the most agreeable portion of his publication, unincumbered with the verbiage of a heavily wrought narrative.

Much of the poetical admiration of the Romaika dance, is dispelled by the following real description of it, as witnessed at Melasso (where, by the by, there are some very fine ruins). The Proestos, in whose house Mr. Turner lodged, had his daughter married; and the author says—

"In the evening he invited me to the marriage, and being glad of such an opportunity of seeing their customs, I went at eight o'clock. I found two rooms full of men singing and drinking; the women were all retired together in another room, from which the men were excluded. After drinking for two hours, the men, at half past eight, descended into the court-yard, where they were met by the women, and such as wished to dance formed a ring, in which I counted forty of them. The music played slow time, and they all danced round a blazing mangahl (pan of charcoal) which one man staid in the middle to replenish occasionally. Had the dance been of the sprightliest tune, they were so crowded that they could only move very slow: but, without any doubt, the romaika is the stupidest dance ever invented. The dancers move slowly round, making alternately one step forward and another backward; the men sung as they moved round, but the women remained quite silent and looked excessively melancholy. A party of Greeks, all in their holiday array, and assembled in the air among beautiful and romantic scenery, must always have an interesting and picturesque appearance; and it is only on this account (and on considering the general passion for praising any thing foreign), that I can imagine how any traveller can have expressed any applause of so stupid a dance as the romaika. On my observing the gloomy appearance of the women, a Greek near me told me that they would think it a shame to laugh or talk in the presence of men. Men and women were all dressed in their holiday clothes, in which I saw no difference from those of their countrymen in Constantinople and elsewhere, except that some of the women wore red gowns embroidered with gold, which finery they would not dare to show in the capital; and that all of them protruded from under these splendid robes, a foot without a stocking, though decorated with an embroidered shoe. I distinguished two pretty women

among them, one thirteen and the other fourteen years old, both married; indeed there were much younger wives. There were two children ten years old, one of whom had been married six months; and the other a year. Nay, there was one ten years old, who had been married two years; the father of this latter she would not give his consent, but her lover gave 100 piastres to the Agha, and by his assistance seized her by force."

Proceeding chiefly along the coast of Asia Minor, the author's observations are more entertaining, and his remarks on antiquities, theatres, &c. possess greater novelty; but we can only copy the annexed.

"It is curious to observe the gradual disuse of Greek among the Greeks, produced by the change of their residence. In Greece the Turks speak only Greek; in Constantinople the Greeks speak both Greek and Turkish, but only the former to each other; in Asia Minor, along the coast, they can speak Greek when addressed in it, but talk Turkish to each other, as they did here at Oolissat. And in the interior parts of Asia Minor they know no other language than Turkish."

The addenda must supply our remaining extracts: it is thus introduced.

"A traveller gathers some information, and meets with some incidents which he cannot weave into the narrative of his journal: I have therefore kept this chit-chat to place it at the end, having always written it down on the spot where it excited my attention, I shall begin with what I observed of the Turks, then detail what struck me of the Arabs, and finish with what I saw and heard of the Greeks."

From the Turkish anecdotes we select the following.

"If a baker sell light bread, for the first offence he is forgiven, or but slightly punished; for the second he is bastinadoed, and for the third beheaded; if the master be not found, his apprentice suffers."

"If a butcher sell bad meat, he is nailed by the ear to his own door-post from sunrise to sunset: I remember seeing a Greek butcher nailed thus, and the fellow had the impudence to say to me—'You see me tormented as our Saviour was.'"

"The Turks lately punished a pirate by flaying him alive: they began at the head, but when they came to the breast, the man died with the agony."—1812.

"A Turk was lately beheaded at Buyukdereh (by order of the Grand Vizier, who was walking about in disguise) for having sold, for twenty-four paras, a quantity of chestnuts, of which the price was fixed at twelve paras."—1812.

"The Turks wash a corpse before they bury it, supposing that it is to appear before its Creator, and ought therefore to be quite clean. When it is in the grave, the Imam (priest) addresses it and tells it which road it is to take to arrive in Paradise, and advises it to follow the suggestions of its good genius and reject those of its evil one."

"The Turks acknowledge the existence of Christ as a prophet, and even detail some of the miracles he performed. They call us

infidels because we have not the same faith in Mahomet, who, say they, is the prophet foretold by Moses in the 18th Chapter of Deuteronomy (Verse 15.) and the Comforter promised by Christ in the 16th Chapter of St. John, 7th verse. The Greeks, on the contrary, say that Mahomet is the prophet described in the 19th chapter of Revelation, 20th verse."

"At the Courban Bairain (which happens a month or six weeks after the Ramadan) they sacrifice rich and lambs, every man one and the rich eighteen or twenty: these are afterwards eaten or given to the poor. F's pun was excellent, 'I suppose that is the reason they call it the *day ram*.'"

"There is an amusing account in the Koran of Solomon's interview with the Queen of Sheba, which states that the King, being anxious to see her legs, covered the floor with glass placed over water in which were fish; this made her Majesty lift up her robe, to avoid wetting it, and the king thus discovered that her legs were covered with hair."—Sale's Koran, chap. 27.

"A few years ago an English sailor at Smyrnia went into an open mosque at the time of prayer: seeing the Turks kneeling and bowing, he flung down his hat and knelt down too. After prayers they seized on him, and took him before the Cady as a convert to Mahometanism. As he could not be made to understand their questions, the dragoman of the English consul was sent for, through whom he was asked if it were his wish to become a Turk. 'No!' he said, he would see them—first. 'Why then did you go into the mosque?' 'Why, I saw a church-door open, and I thought any body might go into a church. I have not been in one for three years before, and—me if I ever go into one again, if I can't do so without turning Turk.' It was not without great difficulty that the Turks were dissuaded from putting a turban on him by force."

"They (the Turks) account thus for an earthquake: in the bowels of the earth is deposited, say they, a huge fish, and when the Deity is incensed by the crimes of mankind, he gives this fish a violent blow on the tail, which makes it jump about, and the force of its motion agitates the earth."

"The Turks allow that their Emperor may kill, every day, fourteen of his subjects with impunity and without impeachment of tyranny, because, say they, he does many things by divine impulse, the reason of which it is not permitted to them to know. I have been told that a pasha of three tails is authorized by law to cut off five heads a day, a pasha of two tails three, and a pasha of one tail one."

"A mollah (Judge) of Jerusalem, being disturbed at night by dogs, ordered all those animals in Jerusalem and its environs to be killed, and thus excited a mutiny among the people, who are forbidden by the Koran to kill any beast unless it be hurtful, or necessary for the nourishment of man. Having, however, by the authority of the Muffi, his father, succeeded in obtaining obedience to his orders, he was emboldened to

issue another still more capricious. The flies being very troublesome to him during the heat of the summer, he ordered that every artizan should bring him every day forty of these insects on a string under pain of a severe fine, and he caused this ridiculous sentence to be severely enforced."

"When a Grand Vizier is favourably disposed (*i. e.*) without banishing him or putting him to death it is signified to him by a *chiaoux* from the Sultan, who goes to his table and wipes the ink out of his golden pen; this he understands as the sign of his dismissal: if his fate be more severe, he receives an order from the Sultan to await his sentence in a small kiosk (summer-house) just outside of the walls of the Seraglio, where he sits sometimes four or six hours, before the messenger comes to tell him whether he is to be banished or put to death."

"Hussein, Captain Pasha (the famous one who fought at Cheshmé) when in the bay of Smyrna once, with his fleet, seeing one of his ships run foul of another, ordered the captain on board and beheaded him immediately."

"The same Hussein had a Jew physician called in one day to relieve him from an aching tooth; the clumsy fellow unfortunately drew the wrong one, but as the agony of extraction drowned the pain for a time, he got away undetected; the pain soon returned, and a few days after Hussein meeting the man on the Bosphorus, stopped him and had every tooth in his head drawn."

"The best Otto (Utar) of Roses in Turkey is made at Casandjik, a small village about a day's journey from Adrianople, where there are large fields of roses for seven or eight miles of country. The proof of its goodness is its easily freezing, being biting to the tongue, and, if put on paper, and dried by the fire, leaving no stain."

From the remaining recollections we take these, respecting the Greeks.

"Greeks may marry a third wife, but not a fourth; by our old travellers, it appears that 150 years ago they could only go as far as a second; in 100 years more, perhaps a fourth will be allowed."

"Every Papas (priest) is buried, sitting up in a chair, but this custom has nothing to do with his wife's promising not to marry again, as Aaron Hill writes."

"The Greeks always expect that the weather, whatever it may be, will change on a Friday."

"At Cousouaiki (the village where I passed the night between Boudroun and Melasso), in the coffee-houses, some Greeks were talking to each other about me, before they knew I understood them; they said that Englishmen travelled because they believed that if they died abroad their souls would return to England and animate the body of a child of twelve years old, and thus recommence life; I found this absurdity was believed by the Greek Bishop of Akhisar."

"A Greek, in Melasso, told me that there are miraculous powers in the medals of Constantine the Great, and that if one of them were put on a sieve, it would prevent water running through; he swore to me *par jure*

was 78 (by his faith) that he had seen this effect produced by them."

"I heard some Greeks in the coffee-house at Yeronta (Miletus), give, as a reason for Englishmen travelling, that they knew by books where treasures were hid, and that, on finding them, they change, by magic, the pieces of money into flies and make them fly to their houses in England; on arriving at which they again become pieces of money. These fellows tried hard to make me believe in the holy fire at Jerusalem; and told me of many miracles lately performed by the Greek priests of their neighbourhood: they were very confident of being soon liberated from the Turks, and said that this would be accomplished by themselves in three years at most, without the help of the Russians, or any other European power. They said, that all the knowledge of the Europeans was derived from the Greeks of Constantinople (under the Lower Empire) who were very learned men, who had shut up all the diseases that afflict human nature in a column at Constantinople, so successfully that mankind would never have been afflicted by them again, had not a Jew broken the column. This last is, probably, some fable founded on the brazen pillar in the Hippodrome."

"A Greek woman thinks it unlucky to begin cutting out a gown or making any article of dress on a Tuesday or a Saturday."

"The Greeks think sneezing a good omen; it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them: they will give the name of a friend, or a lover, to each of their fingers of one hand, and suddenly taking hold of one when they sneeze, think themselves remembered by the person whom the finger they have hold of represents."

"The Greek women will put apple pips into the fire or candle; if they jump, it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them; the contrary if they lie quiet."

This superstition resembles that of putting peas in the fire in England on Midsummer-eve, and nuts in Scotland on "Halloween."

The author concludes his work with some strangely inappropriate poetry. The sentiments are well enough, but it is an odd sort of thing altogether to place such a matter at the end of a book of travels; and though we felt a peculiar interest in the fate of one of the relatives, whose loss he deploras (at least we presume so from the identity of name); we must say, that his verse is sadly out of keeping here.

To conclude with a paragraph of useful information. The Greek Islands belonging to the Porte, and their computed population, are 19 in number, with a total of 112,400 souls. viz. Naxos 15,000, Paros 7000, Tino 20,000, Micone 7000, Sira 4000, Zia 5000, Thermia 4000, Argentiera 700, Milo 1500, Amorgo 1500, Polycandro 2000, Santorino 13,000, Nanfo 1500, Astampalia 2000, Nio 3000, Antiparos 200, Andros 15,000, Serpho 3000, Siphanto 7000. The tribute amounts in all to 280,000 Turkish piastres. There are besides Islands of the Archipelago, belonging (as recorded at the Porte) to the Captain Pasha, to the government, to the Steward of the Household,

and to the Mufti; a long enumeration, including Cyprus, Candia, Rhodes, Mytelen, Cos, Tenedos, Scio, &c. &c.; only 31, however, pay tribute to the captain Pasha.

#### HUBER ON ANTS.

[*Dr. Johnson's Translation, continued.*]

Our preceding extracts furnished a view into the interior of the ants' hill, and displayed the extraordinary motions of these insects, in the care of the rising generation. Pursuing the same subject, we learn, that—

"The insect, in the state of pupa, has acquired the figure it will always preserve; nothing seems wanting but strength and a little more consistence: it is also as large as it will ever be; all its members are distinct, one single pellicle envelopes them. The ant, under this form, continues to move for some moments after its quitting the state of larva, but it soon becomes immovable: it afterwards changes gradually in colour, passing from a fine white to a pale yellow; then becoming red, and in several species, brown, almost verging to black. The rudiments of wings may at this time be seen in those which are destined to fly. The pupae have still many attentions to receive from the workers; the greater part are enclosed in a tissue spun by themselves before their metamorphosis; but they cannot, like other insects, liberate themselves from this covering by effecting an opening in it with their teeth. They have scarcely the power of moving; their covering is of too compact a texture, and formed of too strong a silk, to allow of their tearing it without the assistance of the workers. But how do these indefatigable attendants ascertain the proper moment for this process?—If they possessed the faculty of hearing, we might imagine they knew the fit time, from some noise produced in the interior of the prison by the insects whose development has commenced; but there is no indication favouring this opinion; it is probable they have a knowledge of it from some slight movements that take place within, which they ascertain through the medium of their antennae; for these organs are endowed with a sensibility, of which it would be difficult to form a just idea: whatever it be, they are never deceived."

"Let us still follow them in that labour, wherein are displayed, as it regards their charge, a zeal and an attachment which would justly merit our attention, even were they the real parents of these insects: how much grater then must be our astonishment, when we consider that they bear no further relation to them, than that of being born under the same roof. Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The Labourers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavouring to open it with their teeth at that extremity answering to the head of the pupa; they began thinning it, by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting this tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a vast



number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings, by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread, one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage, of a line in diameter, in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon, with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant hill: a number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope; they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation, some raised up the portion or *bandolette* cut out in the length of the cocoon; whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom, and taking flight: nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the labourers. It could neither fly, nor walk, nor without difficulty stand; for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not, by its own exertions, disengage itself.

"In this fresh embarrassment, the labourers did not forsake it; they removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennæ gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and the wings, and lastly, the body, the abdomen, and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention therefore, paid it by the guardians, was that of giving it the food I had placed within their reach.

"The ants in every part of the ant-hill were occupied in giving liberty to the males, females, and young labourers, that were still enveloped. On being dispossessed of their coverings, the remnants were collected and placed aside in one of the most distant lodges of their habitation; for these insects observe the greatest order and regularity. Some species of ants remove these shreds to a distance from the ant-hill; others cover the exterior surface of their nest with them, or collect them in particular apartments."

Such are the principal features in the rearing of the young of these minute in size but wonderfully populous and industrious colonies. We pass over slightly the flights of the male and female ants from their native hill, and the process for establishing new nations. The details are extremely curious for the naturalist, but may as well yield room, in pages read by all ages and classes, to other and as interesting particu-

lars. Our selections here are consequently less ample than we should otherwise have made them.

"The male and female ants, when they take a long flight from the ant-hill, do not show that singular instinct which guides bees, wasps, and other insects, in again finding their habitation. This instinct consists, in their knowing how to move in every direction around their abode, without straggling, in order to examine its position, and the several places in its vicinity. We may be soon convinced of this by displacing a hive. The first day the bees never venture abroad, unless they have previously visited all the neighbouring objects: they turn round on all sides, keeping an eye upon their dwelling, without which, it may be readily conceived, it would be impossible they could return. The Queen Bee does the same when she goes forth to meet her paramour in the air. But our winged ants, on the contrary, when they quit the ant-hill, keep their back continually towards it, and go off in a right line to a distance, from which it would be no easy matter to perceive it. We might from this infer, that they would never return to it. But I did not confine myself entirely to this observation; for I kept sentry, from the time of their departure until night, and even several days in succession, to be fully assured they did not return to the ant-hill. In this way I have arrived at the conviction, that their return is one of those fables with which we have been a long time amused. What, then, becomes of these insects, accustomed as they have been, to live in a convenient spacious abode, sheltered from every inclemency of the weather, and receiving every attention from the labourers, suddenly relying upon their own guidance, deprived of all these advantages?"

"We know that in the class of insects with four membranous wings, the males are destitute of offensive weapons, and do not possess that admirable apparatus which the greater part of females put in use in the establishment of their family; they have neither chisel-shaped teeth, nor stings, nor ovipositors (*ovariers*). The several arts we remark among the greater number of bees and wasps, ichneumons and tenthrédines, &c. are exercised by the females alone, or by the labourers, their representatives. The defence of the nest is also confided to them: the males, after attending to the office of reproduction, become useless to the family of which they are members. The life of male ants cannot be of long duration; deprived of their attendants, incapable of providing their own subsistence, and returning no more to the ant-hill that gave them birth, how can it possibly be of any long continuance? Their life is either naturally limited to a few weeks, or hunger will speedily terminate it: whatever it be, they disappear in a little time after the period of their amours; but they never fall victims, as happens with bees, to the fury of the labourers.

"At the period when the career of males is terminated, that of the females is scarcely commenced: they bear the germs of future generations, and these germs are fecundated.

Their history is closely connected with the history of ant-hills, and embraces several curious, and hitherto unknown, particulars."

One of the most remarkable of these is, the fact that the female ant immediately, and voluntarily strips off her own wings, and thus becomes domesticated! Then commences the charge of the numerous labourers who attach themselves to her.

"The females are conducted into the interior of the nest, and commence by being entirely dependent upon the workers. The latter, hanging to each of their legs, guard them with assiduity, and never permit them to go out. They nourish them with the greatest care, and conduct them into quarters whose temperature appears the best adapted to them; but they do not abandon them an instant. Each of these females loses, by degrees, the desire of quitting her abode. Her abdomen increases in size: at this period, she no longer experiences constraint. She has still a constant guard; a single ant accompanies her every where, and provides for her necessities. The greater part of the time the worker rests upon its abdomen, with its posterior legs stretched out upon the ground. It appears to be a sentinel stationed to survey the female's actions, and to seize the first moment when she begins to lay, to carry off the eggs. It is not always the same ant which follows her; this is relieved by others, who succeed it without interruption; but when the maternity of the female is well known, they commence by rendering her that homage which the bees evince for their queen. A court of from ten to fifteen ants continue follow her; she is unceasingly the object of their cares and caresses; all are eager to collect around her, offer her nourishment, and conduct her in their mandibles, through difficult and ascending passages. They also lead her through all the different quarters of the ant-hill. The eggs, taken up by the labourers, at the instant of their being laid, are collected around her. When she seeks repose, a group of ants environ her. Several females live in the same nest; they show no rivalry; each has her court; they pass each other uninjured, and sustain, in common, the population of the ant-hill; but they possess no power; which, it would seem, entirely lodges with the neuters. However, as they receive the same honours as queen bees, I shall sometimes give them the titles of queens."

"In whatever apartment," says Gould, "a queen ant condescends to be present, she commands obedience and respect. An universal gladness spreads itself through the whole cell, which is expressed by particular acts of joy and exultation. They have a peculiar way of skipping, leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for the queen. Some of them gently walk over her, others dance round her, and all endeavour to exert their loyalty and affection. She is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants, who, if you separate them from her, soon collect themselves into a body, and inclose her in the midst. However romantic this description may appear, it may easily be proved by an obvious experi-



The workers, small as they are, even carry their bulky sovereign ladies about, taking the task in turns as they are fatigued! and the close of the drama, as stated in a note by the translator, is worthy of its progress.

"The attachment of the labourers to the females would appear to extend even beyond the existence of the latter; for, when a pregnant female dies, five or six labourers rest near her, and during several days, brush and lick her continually, either in token of lasting affection, or that by these means they hope to reanimate her."

*A Monody on the Death of Mr. Grattan.*  
pp. 8.

A very feeling and poetical effusion has been published at Ridgway's, to the memory of Mr. Grattan; no action of whose life did him more honour than his mode of leaving it. May his dying advice have all the effect it ought to have upon the country which he loved, and to which he left this invaluable legacy. Though the poem is so short, we cannot resist unproportional quotation.

Grattan! thy triumph over death,  
Thy fervid days' majestic close,  
Thy kindling hope, and bright repose,  
Bequeath'd us, with thy parting breath,  
A boon as great as aught thy mind  
E'er strove to win for human kind.  
We catch a glimpse of unknown powers,  
More of the coming world than ours,  
Seeing, that high and holy views  
Such glories o'er thy couch diffuse,  
That life can nought more precious give,  
Than thus, like thee, to cease to live.

Thy patriot heart desir'd to exhale  
Its latest sigh within the pale  
Where Chatham, deeply honour'd, fell,  
Dying, like him, in duty's path.  
Heav'n check'd this wish—not in its wrath,  
But lest thy rising soul should trace,  
In those it lov'd on Earth so well,  
Such pangs as time can ne'er efface,  
Had other eyes or hearts than theirs  
Besow'd the last and dearest cares,  
For, blest and blessing in each tie  
The charities of life supply,  
'Twas thine domestic joys to prove,  
Through a long line of circling years,  
Whose mingling radiance but appears  
One summer's day of wedded love.

When, on fern's emerald shore,  
Thousaw'st her grateful myriads pour,  
Her cliffs all kindling into life,  
As swift receded from thy view  
That beautiful theatre of strife,  
The land that found thee always true—  
The workings of thy mighty mind  
Must in their circle have combin'd,  
Of thought, of feeling, passion, more

ment. If you place a queen ant, with her retinue under a glass, you will, in a few moments, be convinced of the honour they pay, and esteem they entertain for her." In reference to no rivalry being experienced, he says, "You may sometimes expect to find two Yellow Queens in the same colony. I have once or twice met with three. They most usually reside in the same judgment, and live together in perfect harmony and union."—T.

Than ev'n thy eloquence could reach—  
Too deep for tears, too strong for speech.  
The multitude, with fond respect,  
Awhile each mark of feeling check'd;  
The light wave, rippling on the shore,  
Was plainly heard—the parting oar.  
But when this hallow'd silence broke,  
When ev'ry voice was heard to swell,  
In one magnificent farewell,  
As if thy country's Genius spoke.—

Yet though thy name illumine th' historic page,  
As Patriot Statesman, Orator, and Sage,  
Though nations blest and rival senates hung  
On the commanding accents of thy tongue—  
There was a daily beauty in thy life,  
In Nature's lap, remote from toil and strife,  
Soothing deep sorrow with this dearer boast,  
Who nearest saw, admir'd and lov'd thee most.

We believe this tribute to be from a lady's pen.

DESCRIPTION OF ODESSA.

[From the German of Dr. Meisner, lately published at Halle.]

Those who visit Odessa for commercial purposes usually travel by sea, while those who visit it for the sake of the baths, generally go by land. The latter mode of travelling is attended by many inconveniences: in the *Steppes*\*, it is very difficult to obtain a sufficient number of horses. If a party chuse to travel in the Polish fashion, that is to say, in the form of a small caravan, they employ hired horses, and take along with them every thing that may be requisite for the space of four or five days. This supply includes not only provisions, but also water and wood. The latter articles are greatly needed by the Colonists, with whom the Russian Government has endeavoured to people the *Steppes*; though they have, it is true, in some measure supplied the want of water by means of cisterns, and have substituted dry dung for fuel. I know of nothing more tedious than travelling across the *Steppes*, those immeasurable levels, bounded only by the horizon. At sen, the element itself, the activity of the ship's crew, and in calm weather, the anxiety for a favourable gale, contribute to keep the mind unceasingly employed. But the monotony of immense plains, covered only with grass and gigantic thistles, is in the highest degree oppressive to the senses. It is seldom that even a solitary, misshapen tree, marks the spot where the colonist has constructed his hut, half buried under-ground. Troops, and the *Bands of the Steppes*, as they are called, are the only occupants of this soil, which is fertile, though the present as well as the next generation, must labour hard for its cultivation ere their posterity can hope to derive from it, the means of subsisting with comfort. To the above wants, may be added that of materials for building, which are only to be procured at Severinowka, a place belonging to Count Severin Potocki; it furnishes a light calcareous kind of stone, of which Odessa is principally built.

When it is recollected that 30 years ago, the inhabitants of this place lived beneath tents, and that from the village and the little

\* The Russian Deserts.

Tartar Fort of the Inlet of Kadjabey, a town has risen whose population is calculated at 28,000; the rapidity of the improvement naturally excites astonishment. Odessa is most advantageously situated for trade; it lies between the mouths of two important rivers, the Dnieper and the Dniester, about 6 miles distant from each, and vessels readily seek shelter in the bay against the storms which render navigation so dangerous in the Black Sea. In the year 1796, the town received its present name from the Empress Catharine; but it owes its prosperity to the Emperor Alexander, who appointed the Duke de Richelieu to be Governor of Bessarabia and the Crimea. The Duke watched over the welfare of Odessa with paternal tenderness; the population continued to increase every year; and it was not until he had ensured the happiness of thousands that he left the place, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of both rich and poor.

The situation of Odessa is by no means picturesque, the houses of the town extend as far as the *Steppes*, and the sea-shore is flat and without vegetation. In dry weather the dust is unbearable, and in the rainy season the unpaved streets are covered with deep mud. The mixture of oriental dresses, manners, and languages, however, presents a most lively and novel picture. A stranger might imagine himself transported into one of the trading towns of the Levant; for though the majority of the population are Russians, yet the Greeks and Karalies (a Jewish sect from some of the eastern countries) are exceedingly numerous. Their bazaars contain all the produce of the East, from shawls down to rose-pastilles; and the Italian language is universally understood. On festival-days the liberal-minded merchants here permit a species of amusement, which the oppressors of the Greeks do not suffer them to enjoy in their native country, namely, a dramatic performance in the modern Greek language. The piece which I saw represented, certainly bore even less resemblance to the ancient Greek drama, than the performers did to their glorious ancestors; it was a translation from a Russian play. I was, however, much pleased to hear, in the recitation of the actors, those harmonious tones, which I had never been able to discover in the common conversation of the modern Greeks; the *ore rotunda loqui* was the only circumstance which served to remind me of the ancient Hellas.

With respect to diversity of languages, nothing can be more interesting than the conversation-rooms of the Quarantine-Establishment at Odessa. They consist of long galleries, 5 or 6 feet in breadth, with a partition on either side. Behind one of these barriers, are the foreigners of the Quarantine house, and behind the other the merchants of the town. In general, foreigners are not detained here until it be ascertained that they are free from all plague infection. As soon as their ships are laden with grain, they are permitted to depart, and from behind the partitions above mentioned, they transact business with the inha-

bitants of the town. I happened to be at Odessa in the year 1816, a period when many countries were visited by scarcity, and Russia, through her super-abundance, was destined to supply the greater part of Europe. Upwards of 300 vessels of all countries were constantly lying in the harbour waiting to take in their cargoes. In the Quarantine Establishment, almost all the languages of Europe and of the East resounded at the same moment, whilst every one endeavoured to drown the voice of his neighbour, and the inhabitant of the South accompanied every word with an expressive gesture. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of the lines of Dante:—

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Faccavan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira  
Sempre in quel aria.

In the years 1812 and 1813, 3000 of the inhabitants of Odessa were carried off by the plague. It is said, that a Turk, who escaped quarantine, spread the infection among the dancers of the Opera. Another more poetic story, is that a swallow lighted on a ship that had the plague on board, and carried off some feathers for her nest. Some time after, a child picked up a young swallow which had fallen from this very nest; and his whole family were immediately infected. The nature of the disease was not immediately known; but the plague soon spread over a great part of the surrounding country.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHELLENHAM WATERS.

[Having in a review of a pamphlet, published by Dr. Neale, on the subject of the Cheltenham Waters, (a subject of infinite importance to a very numerous class of invalids), expressed that opinion of the statements therein contained, which they, *prima facie*, appeared to warrant; we have felt bound by a sense of candour and impartiality, to yield a place to the subjoined letter, from Dr. Newell, on the other side. We will not say—

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree;" for, referring to the quantum of human health and life which is at stake, we consider this matter to be highly worthy of being settled; and venture to suggest to those concerned at Cheltenham, the expediency and propriety of having the wells carefully analyzed by some eminent and disinterested chemist, whose name will carry authority with it; and lay the results honestly before the public.

With regard to Mr. Halpin's pamphlet, mentioned in our last, all we shall say at present is, that it takes the same line of argument with Dr. Newell's letter; but it is more personal, and somewhat coarse. Affidavits are produced, as if this were a hard-swearing horse-dealer's case, at Nisi Prius, or a trial at the Old Bailey. In such a contest, the Literary Gazette can take no share: private villifying cannot affect the question at issue, which is no less than the salubrity or insalubrity of these celebrated Spas; and having by the following insertion, put both parties before the public, we shall, in whatever future articles the subject may demand, avoid, as far as possible, the criminary part of it; while we give our best attention, in our study on

the spot, to those scientific investigations which appear to be so absolutely necessary to set Cheltenham right in the eyes of the country.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Cheltenham, June 30th, 1820.

SIR,—After reading an article in the Literary Gazette of June 24th, upon the subject of Cheltenham Waters, to which is subjoined extracts from a pamphlet recently published by Dr. Neale, upon their nature and qualities, I was much struck with the very partial nature of the statement there given of these celebrated springs.

I must claim attention from your candour and liberality, while I attempt to shew you that Dr. Neale's representations are in some instances erroneous, and in others quite unfounded.

It will perhaps be best, in the first place, to settle the character of Dr. Neale's publication, by stating to the public, through the medium of your paper, the circumstances under which it was published, and the views it was intended to answer; after which I will concisely state to you a history of the numerous wells of this place, and the medicinal properties of the waters they contain.

From recent exposures which have taken place at Cheltenham, it appears that the pamphlet in question was written for the express purpose of recommending the water of the old well; and Dr. Neale actually received one hundred pounds, as a reward for the services it was calculated to produce; besides which, to use Dr. Neale's own words, "Certain advantages were held out to me, as likely to arise to myself individually from this undertaking, as all the expences of advertising, printing, and publishing the pamphlet, were to be defrayed by Captain Matthews (the renter of the old well), as well as whatever expences might arise, should I be exposed to legal proceedings, from the revenge or resentment of the other proprietors; in short, I was to be borne out harmless in the affair, and was offered, verbally, a subsequent interest to accrue conditionally."

This statement requires no comment. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that in order to fulfil his agreement, Dr. Neale should have gone a good deal out of his way, in commenting upon the rival establishments; and that he should have made use of assertions to establish his point, which I trust I shall shew are untrue in themselves, as well as contradicted by all medical experience.

To make good what I have advanced, I must beg leave to remark, that the well of water which Dr. Neale designates as the original Spa Water, and to recommend which was the principal motive of his pamphlet, was never examined by Dr. Fothergill at all, though he gives its contents as the analysis of that celebrated physician; and, for any thing Dr. Neale can know to the contrary, it may contain as much muriate of soda as either of the wells at the Montpellier or Sherborne Spas, which he so much condemns.

The fact is, that the original spring, and which was analyzed many years ago by Dr.

Fothergill, became dried up, or nearly so, as much as ten or twelve years since; and the well, which was not more than six or eight feet deep, was sunk about two years ago to the depth of seventy feet, where water was found in the clay, just as it is found in all the new wells.

What the medicinal quality of this water is, as well as that of the other numerous wells here, I will notice hereafter; but must first attend to Dr. Neale's extraordinary assertions, of the deleterious nature of muriate of soda or common sea salt, in the proportions contained in Mr. Thompson's wells.

In what school of medicine or what field of experience he obtained this notion, he has not explained to us; but when he asserts that muriate of soda, in the quantity that is found in Cheltenham water, is capable of exciting into inordinate action the blood vessels, and, to use his own words, "that many a torpid liver, which might have remained for years in a quiescent state, comparatively harmless to its possessor, has been speedily thrown into violent inflammatory action, succeeded by suppuration, and the patient been hurried into the grave sooner by some years than would have happened had he not been put on a course of these stimulating waters;" and that, "in one instance, a fatal apoplexy had been produced, to his own knowledge"—he asserted what he cannot prove; and although this assertion was well calculated to answer his own purpose, and to instill into the public mind a prejudice highly injurious to the reputation of the Cheltenham springs, it will have little influence on the minds of medical men of experience on the spot or elsewhere.

Another invidious observation of Dr. Neale's, as applicable to the Montpellier spas is, "that in their clumsy attempts to render some of these waters more aperient, the mixers of the waters appear to have no fixed rule in adding the saline solution: but again I must observe, that this can hardly occur at the old wells, because the quantity of aperient salts contained in those waters, is in general quite adequate to produce the effect required upon the bowels."

Is Dr. Neale ignorant that the saline solution, as he calls it (and which is put in italics, to insinuate that it may be composed of any purgative salt) is a solution of the salts produced by evaporating Cheltenham water itself? Has he the smallest shadow of proof for this insinuation? or, on the contrary, does he not know that concealment upon this subject, has never been attempted? or that every thing connected with these wells is, and always has been, open to public inspection and enquiry? These being undisputed facts, how can he justify himself for the unwarrantable part he has taken? or, how can he satisfactorily explain himself to those who are capable of forming a correct judgment on the subject?

Before I take leave of Dr. Neale's pamphlet, I ought to notice shortly what he has called the *secular* part of it. In this, he directs his imaginary friend in Scotland (who is supposed to have a weak saline water upon his estate) in a method which he says



his southern neighbours possess, of "adding to the strength of their mineral waters, and thereby reaping a rich harvest from the credulity of their visitors." He then goes on to say, that a few tons of Glauber and Epsom salts must be provided, and mixed with the pure element, from some rapid torrent or deep well; and when salted to the taste (as Mrs. Glasco would call it) get your composition recommended by some "complainant editor of a monthly, philosophical, or medical journal, by saying, 'We congratulate the public on the discovery of a rich mineral water, &c. &c.'"

This Dr. Neale calls jocularly. The sensible part of mankind, however, will consider it in a more serious point of view, and may very naturally ask, what reward the recommenders of so gross an imposition would be entitled to?

The jocularly of Dr. Neale's production, though levelled against the favored town of Cheltenham, will fall pointlessly to the ground; and, although among the conflicting opinions of men, there will always be found those who from ignorance, prejudice, or more unworthy motives, will take the wrong side of a question, still the good sense of the public will in the end prevail; and the excellence of Cheltenham water, as a remedy in many of the diseases which afflict suffering humanity, will be acknowledged and sought after when its traducers will be sunk and buried in oblivion.

The reflection of Dr. Neale upon the medical men, who have long practised at Cheltenham, would not be worthy of notice, were it not for the concluding sentence, which, at their expence, conveys a compliment to himself.

After expressing his surprise, that "none of the medical men who have resided here for years, have noticed and commented upon what he calls a fact," but which I trust has been satisfactorily proved to have been a misrepresentation, he states that, "such ungrateful tasks are generally left to any casual labourers in the vineyard, who like myself may choose to take them up from a pure love of truth."

Of the delicacy or the truth of this remark I must leave the world to form their own opinion.

I beg leave to disclaim any thing personal to Dr. Neale in what I have advanced, upon the attack he has made upon the Cheltenham waters. My motive has been to correct misrepresentation: how far I have been successful, the public must judge.

I will now, as I promised, give you a concise history of the wells and waters of Cheltenham;—the result of twenty-eight years experience, as a practitioner in this town.

From the first discovery of the saline spring, in 1716, to the period of his late Majesty's visit here, in 1788, there was but one well, which was about eight feet deep, and was the receptacle of a scanty spring of water, issuing out of the side of a slightly sloping bank, in a field a few hundred yards to the south of the town of Cheltenham.

His Majesty finding there was no water for culinary purposes at Bay's Hill Lodge, the

mansion of the late Earl Fauconberg, where he resided, commanded a well to be sunk for the convenience of the house, which is situated a few hundred yards to the westward of the original Spa. At the depth of seventy or eighty feet, a spring was discovered, which, on examination, was found to possess the same purgative properties as the original water; and it continued to be used as such by many of the frequenters of Cheltenham, for several years before the commencement of the Montpellier, or Mr. Thompson's Spa.

In process of time this well became less productive in water, and ultimately quite dry.

About this time, it was found by Mr. Thompson, on examining the soil in the neighbourhood of the old well, the property of which he had recently purchased, that at a depth of sixty feet or more, water of the same quality was to be met with, in consequence of which several wells were sunk.

It was also found, that although many of the wells produced abundance of water in the first instance, the quantity gradually diminished; and that some of them, as had been the case in the King's well, ultimately became dry.

This made it necessary to dig new wells almost every year. In the mean time, the proprietors of the Old Spa, in order to supply the deficiency in the original well, sunk new ones also with the same success; and within the last two years, a new establishment altogether has been formed, called the Sherborne Spa, in honor of the nobleman of that name, who is lord of the manor, which has waters of the same properties, and where the proprietors have built a magnificent temple, and at great expence have laid out walks and drives, highly ornamental to the town.

Thus there are three establishments, at all of which the saline water is drunk, and belonging to the whole there are nearly one hundred wells.

The greater number of these, however, are used to supply water for evaporation, to obtain the salts, for which of late years, there has been a vast demand from every part of the world.

The soil in the immediate neighbourhood of Cheltenham is a dark blue clay, filled with numerous marine productions, as shells, &c. and interspersed in some places with considerable masses of iron pyrites. By what revolution of our globe this formation has been produced, it is not the place here to enquire; but it commences where the calcareous structure which forms the Cotswold Hills ceases, and extends a distance into the vale of Gloucester, and to a depth, neither of which have as yet been ascertained. As this clay is of the same quality, the water which pervades it is impregnated with the same principles. The impregnation of Cheltenham water consists in purgative salts and iron. They have also other impurities, in common with all waters which pervade earthy matter; and although these are fit objects for chemical enquiry, they have little or nothing to do with their medicinal efficacy. The predominant salt is sulphate of soda, afterwards sulphate of magnesia, and muriate

of soda. The iron is held by the carbonic acid gas.

In these numerous wells there may be shades of difference as to their strength; but I much doubt whether to such an amount as to produce any sensible difference in their effects upon the human body; and this opinion has not been lightly taken up, but is the result of many years of observation and experience.

Neither does it appear to me in a practical point of view, that the trifling variation there may be in the proportions of these respective salts, is of any consequence; for men of experience know that a mixture of purgative medicines act better than any will do separately; and it may be from this law that the combination as it exists in the waters here, has made them so efficacious.

It has been asserted, that it is incompatible with the laws of chemical affinity, for muriate of soda and sulphate of magnesia to exist in the same solution. If this is the case, and a double decomposition were to take place, it would increase the predominance of sulphate of soda; and the muriate of magnesia which would thus be formed, is as mild and nearly as active an aperient as the sulphate of magnesia has been long known to be.

It may be remarked, however, that the laws of chemical affinity are varied by the quantity of menstruum in which salts are held; and indeed, these substances in a state of dryness hardly act upon each other at all. From this it may happen that in the analization of mineral waters, combinations may be varied, or new ones formed, producing results not exactly corresponding with their relations, as existing originally in the water. This may in some measure account for the discordant results given by different chemists of most mineral waters.

These differences, however, are of less importance than a practical knowledge of their effects upon the human body in disease; and, fortunately for Cheltenham, this experience is too firmly established to be shaken by any illiberal or unfounded attacks, from whatever quarter they may proceed; or to be further confirmed by any attempts in their favor in my power to make.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

THOMAS NEWELL, M. D.

And Surgeon Extraordinary to the King.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Philology*.—M. Frederick Adelung, counsellor of state to the Emperor of Russia, has lately published, in 153 pages, "A View of all known Languages, and their Dialects." In this View we find in all 987 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1264 American languages and dialects, enumerated and classed: a total of 3064. This very remarkable publication is only the introduction to a *Bibliotheca Glottica*, on which this indefatigable philosopher has been long employed.



**MSS.**—Professor Cramer, at Kiel, discovered two years ago, in the library of the Convent of St. Gallen, a MS. of the eleventh century, which contains illustrations of Juvenal which are said to be of greater importance than any hitherto known. He has now published a specimen on occasion of the king's birth day, under the title of, *Specimen novæ editionis Scholasticæ Juvenalis*.

Baron Niebuhr, Prussian Ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several ancient MSS. hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations pro M. Fonteio, and pro C. Rabirio; a fragment of the 91st book of Livy; two works of Seneca, &c. Baron Niebuhr has dedicated this edition to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

**Italy, 10th June.**—In the prosecution of the excavations at Pompeii, several buildings have lately been laid open in the fine street leading to the temples of Isis and Hercules, and to the theatre. In one house, which is supposed to have belonged to a man of letters, some surgical instruments of excellent workmanship were found, and several paintings of fruit and animals, very well executed.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD.

June 10th, the following degrees were conferred:—

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—T. Philipps, University College, Grand Compounder; B. S. Claxson, Worcester College; W. Perkins and Rev. J. Piccop, Lincoln College; G. Hammond, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. C. H. Martin, Exeter College; Rev. Alfred Tooke, St. Mary Hall; Rev. H. Baker Tristram, Christ Church; G. T. Austen Knight, St. John's College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Mon. A. Hill Trevor, Nobleman of Christchurch; F. J. Pearce, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounder; G. F. Thomas, Worcester College; W. Whateley, New College; H. W. Wilder and J. Parker, Oriel College; W. H. Deane, University College; J. Aspinall and R. Fayle, St. Mary Hall; J. Forster, St. Edmund Hall; T. T. Churton and Archer Clive, Brasenose College; R. W. Jelf, H. L. Neave, and G. M. Coleridge, Christ Church; R. Alder Thorpe, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; J. T. Round, Scholar of Balliol College.

June 17th.—Yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—

The Rev. Mr. Franks, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

**DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. G. Sheppard, University College, Grand Compounder.

**BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. J. Lin-

gard, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Williams, Fellow of Jesus College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—Rev. John Templer, and Rev. R. Greaves, Wadham College, Grand Compounders; Rev. H. B. Domville, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; W. Blackstone Lee, Fellow of New College; Henry Sissmore, Wadham College; Rev. S. Y. Seagrave, Magdalen Hall; F. De Chair, Oriel College; James Mure, Rev. H. Pearce, and Rev. E. Elms, Christ Church; Rev. P. Filleul, Scholar of Pembroke College; G. E. Oatley, Rev. Rice Hughes, and Rev. James George, Jesus College; Rev. N. W. Hallward, Worcester College; Rev. J. Jeffries Coles, Balliol College.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—Maurice Vescombe, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. Butt, Lincoln College; J. Wiggitt and T. Quarles, Exeter College; Hasler Capron, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Hobson, Magdalen Hall; J. P. Carpenter, Christ Church.

June 1st. Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

**BACHELOR AND DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.**—Rev. George Richards, M. A. some time Fellow of Oriel College, and now one of the Vicars of Bampton, in the county of Oxford, grand compounder.

**DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.**—Wm. Birkett Allen, B. C. L. Fellow of St. John's College.

**MASTERS OF ARTS.**—F. Bruen, Esq. of Christ Church, grand compounder; Rev. J. Chambers, All Souls' College; Rev. E. Day Hulkes; G. Cobb; Rev. A. Beauclerc, St. John's College; Rev. T. Clarke, Brasenose College; E. Quin, Magdalen Hall.

**BACHELORS OF ARTS.**—H. Clifton Keogh, Esq. Christ Church, grand compounder; J. Worsley, and W. Bury, Fellows of New College.

### CAMBRIDGE.

June 11th.—The Rev. F. R. Hall, Fellow of St. John's College, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity. J. Dashwood, Esq. of Trinity Hall, Bachelor in Civil Law.

T. A. Broomhead, Esq. of Christ College, and W. Lamb, Esq. of Caius College, were on Wednesday last admitted Bachelors in Physic; and Mr. J. J. Tucker, of St. John's College, Bachelor of arts.

## FINE ARTS.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Recollections suggested by the Exhibition of Portraits, continued.]

No. 124. *Portraits of Henry VIII. with Jane Seymour, their son Prince Edward, and the Princesses Mary and Margaret, sisters of the King.*—Painted by Holbein.—SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

We have copied this title from the "Descriptive Catalogue of Portraits," of the British Gallery; but if the persons represented be those therein named, this is a picture of strange anachronisms. First, Jane Seymour died, according to Anstey, on the fifth day after the birth of Prince Edward; and here we see her placed by the side of her son, grown old enough to be sent to a public

school. Secondly, his aunts Mary and Margaret, taking the date from the appearance of his age, must have been elderly ladies; Princess Margaret being forty-six and Princess Mary thirty-seven when their nephew Prince Edward was yet unborn. Surely then the *title* of this family piece is not derived from the learned body to whom his late Majesty\* presented the interesting picture.

Is it not more reasonable to presume that the two ladies standing before the throne, are the sisters of Prince Edward, Mary, the daughter of Catharine of Arragon, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, by which we have the children of the first three queens of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour being the third wife of this capriciously uxorious monarch. Mary was born seventeen, and Elizabeth five years, before their royal brother; which, allowing for his age as described by the painter, would make the youngest a woman grown. Hence the family piece might have been painted by order of the sovereign, when he happened to be in good humour with all the group. The other female next the throne perhaps was the then reigning queen. It is known that the king, according to his humor, was sometimes lavish of his favour to his children, and at other times menaced them with degradation. Mary he created Princess of Wales when only five days old, although she was but presumptive heiress. She afterwards, as well as her sister, held no higher title than the Lady Mary. It may not be generally known, that the title of 'Majesty' was not used to the king until a later period, it being first addressed to the contemporary Emperor of Germany.

It would be difficult to point to a more curious specimen of the graphic art in this extensive and valuable collection, than that under consideration; as it conveys not only a picture of the persons and correct costume of the age, but a faithful representation of the architecture and decoration used in the royal palaces, when the gothic style was giving way to the introduction of the Italian mode of building. And here we perceive the first approaches to a new taste, in the revival of that which existed long before the Gothic had birth.

Holbein was employed by King Henry as an architect and designer, for the embellishments of his palaces, as well as his painter; and made many alterations in the palace at Whitehall, of which this subject very likely exhibits one of its state apartments.†

The garden, as seen through the doors, affords some information to the curious, in the decoration of the plot, immediately joining the palace; and this, judging from the parterres, and particularly the trophies, which scarp of Holbein's design, evince the care that was bestowed upon the pleasure garden; an art in which the English have long prided themselves, and for which they have latterly

\* This circumstance is not mentioned on the Catalogue; we respectfully recommend its insertion in the next edition.

† Though we have our doubts as to the matter; and think Mabuse full as likely as Holbein to have painted this picture.—Ed.

derived great reputation, all Europe acknowledging the superiority of English landscape gardening.

The sweet description of a garden attached to the palace at Windsor, from the pen of a royal youth confined in that ancient pile, will illustrate this horticultural skill of our countrymen four hundred years ago.

"Now was there maide, fast by the touris wall  
A gardene faire; and in the corneres set  
An Herberte greene, with wandis long and small  
Railit about; and so with tree-is & set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn hoggis knet,  
That tyf ++ was none, walkyng there forbye,  
That night within scarce any wyght aspye.

So thick the beughis? and the levis grene  
Beschudet all the allies that were there.  
And middis every harbere might be sene  
The scharpe, grene, suete junipere,  
Growth so fast with branchis here and there,  
That, as it seemed to a tyf without,  
The beughis spread the harbers all aboute."

There is yet another trait in this picture, that cannot fail to interest the inquisitive in the habits and customs of the ancient royal household, which have furnished some of our favorite bards with imagery for their delightful musings—namely, the introduction of the male and female fool.

Here we behold them, licensed as they were, rambling about the palace garden, ready to amuse the first royal idler who should chuse to stroll where "*beughis spread the harbers all aboute*."

The name of this female Patch has escaped research: the male jester appears to be that merry witty wight, Will Somers, of whom we shall say something in the subjoined article.

No. 131. Portrait of William Somers.—Painted by Holbein. [His MAJESTY.

This "*mirch moving*" head has remained the veriest personification of the jester, superseding all the pen could describe. Its motto well might be, "*The image of the jest I'll shew you here at large*." The archness, the gibe, the quaintness, stamped on the countenance of merry Will, point unequivocally to the "*Jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, as a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a church steeple*." Here the painter has exhibited, by his art, the superior power of description which the pencil holds over the pen, touching personal identity. Doubtless he had seen him thus, when brooding some new waggy, he tapped his knuckles against the lattice, and arrested some one who had a fellow taste for frolic, with, "*I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone*."

Likely enough Holbein was the man; for we have it on record that painters have

\* Prince James.

† Living man. ‡ Boughis.

|| There is an engraving of this.—Ed.

Both Holbein and Mabuse were celebrated *bona vivants*. Mabuse almost lived in the tavern, and Holbein was so attached to his bottle, that, in return for writing the name of Erasmus under the head of a shavelled friar, in his private sketch-book, that great scholar repaid by writing Holbein under the head of a drinking sot.

all along been wits and humourists. Besides, to indulge the hypothesis, was he not the friend and protégé of Sir Thomas More—the greatest wit that ever wore the chancellor's robe, and the boon companion of Erasmus? He who had ever ready "*some excellent jests fire new from the mint*." And further, to shew what a constellation of talent and fun played round the sun of Henry's court, we have only to mention another humourist, in the person of Jean de Mabuse, the other favorite painter of Henry VIII., who had nearly killed the Emperor Charles V. with laughter, whilst at a feast, with his waggeries.

Little is now known of the character of these eccentric retainers of the court; for although the appellation of *fool* is held synonymous with *jester*, yet it appears that folly was assumed by some as a cloak to cover mischievous pranks that would not have been tolerated but in the wearer of the party-coloured suit. Hence he was often made the satirical instrument of party spirit; and many an absurd courtier stood more in awe of the fool than of a minister or priest. He was sometimes set upon the froward, the oppressor, the hypocrite, and the bigot too; and has put to shame those whom no one else dared to reproach. Such licensed humourists were useful about a court, when kings were arbitrary, and ministers too obsequious; and when there was no press, to expose the misdeeds of men of power.

Will Somers doubtless was one of the superior order of fools, as his wit was begotten by a quick perception of current events. His freedom with the king, when the pope had lavished upon him so many fulsome compliments, and dubbed him for his polemics, "*Fidei Defensor*," is evidence of this. Henry was at table, with his courtiers, and elated by their flattery, when the sagacious jester familiarly laid his hand upon the shoulder of royalty, and said, "*Let's You and I defend each other, my master Hal, and leave the Faith to take care of itself*." This is not the only instance on record of a fool's opinion on matters of doctrine, in times of polemical controversies; for Archie, the fool of Bishop Laud, was made a partizan of those who opposed that wrong-headed prelate. His wit is chronicled. Laud was diminutive in person, and a zealot. Archie was desired to say grace, (fools were often made to prophane holy customs) "*Great laud to the Lord*," said the wag, "*and little Laud to the devil*."

But to return to King Henry's jester. He had formerly been in the service of a Mr Farmer, of Eaton Neston, a gentleman for whom it may be presumed he felt a grateful affection. He had, like Sir Thomas More, refused to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and had moreover sent a small sum and a clean shirt to a poor sequestered monk; for which offences the arbitrary king seized his property and brought him to ruin. Will was one of the few who had the felicity to retain his sovereign's favour to the last. It is likely that his mirth beguiled the sad hours of the king, when disease occasionally confined

him to his chamber, long before his death. It was when drawing near his end, that the jester interposed in favour of his first patron, with, "*My good King Henry will not forget my old master, and let his wife and children want bread*." The monarch, roused to compunction by this artless address, immediately ordered a restoration of the property.

The custom of keeping fools is of great antiquity. They were retained by princes, popes, bishops, and nobles, in most parts of Europe. Theophilus, the Emperor of the East, ordered his court fool to be whipped, for telling that his daughter was playing with dolls.\*

A succeeding emperor, Michael, played off a prophane joke upon the Empress Theodora, by the agency of a fool. He pretended that the patriarch wished to bestow his blessing upon her. She attended to receive the holy boon, when the buffoon, attired in the sacred vestments of the patriarch; and attended by mock priests, addressed her with the utmost obscenity and boisterous ribaldry. Similar prophane pranks were common to all Christendom in those rude times.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. No. 5.

LADY GRIZELDA M'TAB'S BALL.

"What will your ladyship have for dinner?" said Jessy, (her female *fac totum*), with a hungry look and a broad anxious eye. "Parritch," replied lady Grizelda, in broad Scotch; not that she could not talk as *high English* as any one, but that when she meant to be kind and condescending to her inferiors—to persuade the lower order, or to be confidential and without pretensions, she stooped to the vernacular of Auld Reekie. "Humph," quoth Jessy, whose interior echoed the word in a hollow tone; for Jessy, as well as her lady mistress, had had an egg and a glass of toast and water for dinner the day before,—Jessy's toast differing a little from that of her mistress, for Lady Grizelda's was burned bread immersed in the linpid stream, whilst Jessy's was pure callar water, and her toast was "*The de'il tak thae quality goings-on*."

Now, it must be made known to the reader, that this day was the vigil of a grand ball to be given by her ladyship to all the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh, and all her numerous quality cousins and companions; not forgetting the law-legion which came in by dozens, like clauses in a deed or agreement, to swell the list and to increase the expense. Three hundred cards of invitation had been issued on this important occasion; and her house had literally been turned inside out, in order to prepare it for this grand *let off*, the report of which, lady Grizelda was aware, would spread far and near.

Three weeks had been occupied in making ornamental quick-knackeries for her suite of fanciful apartments, ornamental hangings,

\* The Emperor was averse to image-worship. The fool alluded to this: being deficient in proof, was whipped as a tell-tale and a liar.



transparencies, arches of evergreens, festoons, drawings, chalkings, &c. and three nieces were all this time employed in uniting the efforts of their taste to give effect to this fancy scene. No money was spared upon the occasion; although dealt out with economy, and made to go the further by the loan of the united plate of six cousins, and by her floors being chalked by a poor relation.

Lady Grizelda had much to accomplish by this ball and supper; for, first, it was long talked of, and must answer all expectations; secondly, she had the honor of her title and noble family to support,—albeit the former rested upon courtesy, and the latter was supported by government pension, yet there was nobility and antiquity enough in both, and neither must be disgraced. Six suits of livery were, therefore, pulled out of an old chest, aired and brushed up, and were to be made to fit five mercenary *funkies*, in addition to her ladyship's old family footman, page and butler—being one and the same representative of servitude in the house.

The drilling of the liveried recruits was left to Andra; and the table turn-out was all rehearsed in models and ticketed cards, by way of dishes and supper ornaments, by the commander in chief (lady Grizelda) and by her three female aides-de-camp. Above all, Andra was ordered to speak high English in announcing the nobility as they arrived; and his repeating lieutenant, a smart footboy out of place, was instructed to give audibility to each title of marquess, earl, lord, lady, Sir Alexander, the baron (a law lord), and even to the private gentlemen bearing the names of their estates, even should the estate be sold, because a name goes a great way; for instance, Dalmaglashing, Balmagash, Lavrock Hill, Stony Castle, Tinalyers, Glenburnie, Invercaigie or New Park!—why, the gentlemen would be nothing without them!

But it is high time to introduce our reader to lady Grizelda. Her ladyship stands about five feet ten and a half in her shoes, is as upright as a serjeant's pike, as thin as a hard run greyhound, and has so strong a profile, and so national withal, that it resembles one side of a Lochabar battle-axe. If high cheek bones are marks of being high bred and born, her ladyship has the highest pretensions on that head, and—as to points about her, she is all points together. A supercilious look indicates the quality of old maid, who has either entirely overlooked our sex, (perhaps from retaliation) or cannot stoop to the ordinary race of beings. A flaxen wig surmounting her argent crest (once fire red) completes her picture.

The ball-night now arrived, and a fast preceded it, in order to make her three nieces the fitter for dancing, to keep her domestics active and keen, and herself cool and collected. The frugal egg and toast and water was the family fare. Indeed Andra had been so *egged* on this week, that he felt scarcely able to bear the yoke of servitude. The maids too had nothing but a shake down for their couch, all the furniture being displaced. A couple such balls would have proved fatal to her ladyship's domestics.

At eleven o'clock at night, a blaze of light

and an open door, proclaimed that her ladyship was at home; and by midnight, a battalion of chairmen showed to all the town that Lady Grizelda M<sup>rs</sup> Tab received company.

The party was divided into three orders of beings; the professionals, the *moderées* and the *ultras* of fashion. The black corps of law and physic looked deadly to purse and constitution; they mustered very strong, and were made up partly of relatives, and partly of entertaining friends. The *moderées* were antiquated nobility and decent gentry of the old school, who dropped in at, or before eleven; and who came to take a hand at cards, or to see their children and grandchildren dance, and to shake hands with some threescore cousins, and connections with whom they were certain to meet. The *ultras* were the travelled nobility of the country, together with their shades and imitations, their sycophants and copies, who served as caricatures to these living pictures of *haut ton* and elegance. These arrived from midnight, until two in the morning, and came only to lounge, to waltz, and to cut up their acquaintance. The *ultras'* ladies heads were built up in such castles of braids, hair-bows, ornamental combs, brilliant crescents (no conjugal reflections, this ornament being one of the East and not of the North), feathers, flowers, &c. that the small women were extinguished under them, whilst the materialists were like elephants bearing castles.

When the magnificent suite of apartments was filled, the ladies with their tower head-dresses recalled to mind the Tower of Babel; for there was a variety of tongues, the broad Scotch of the antiquaries, the half and half of the *moderées*, the lisp, the insipid, the drawl, and the hyper-English of the *ultras* and their followers. The leading features, however, of the society were winning smiles, modest beauty, engaging deportment, and numerous families.

Nowhere was more agility displayed than in the youthful dancers. Sun-bright eyes, with complexions, which to look on was to love, contrasted by raven or dark auburn hair, were frequently apparent in the mazes of the dance: such northern lights are attractive beyond expression. Next came the mild, the humid, full blue eye, with glossy light-brown hair, and that complexion of repose, whose quietude tells the heart that its best interests lie there, that there its affections may rest, nor seek for further happiness. Lastly, the November tints of declining Flora, blooming in neglect, like wall-flowers beyond the reach of Hymen's hand, stood, statue like, against the hangings of the apartment, glared the forced smile, pouted the faded lip, joined mentally in the dance, or accepted, with urbanity and gratitude, the hand of the elderly advocate, the juvenile complaisant clerk to the signet, or the related hanger-on student.

Now turn to the groupings of lookers-on, the knots of critics, and the files of connoisseurs. Quizzing-glasses are up; and looks fall upon ankles, ivory necks, and well turned shoulders. What an ordeal for the fair to pass through! Some dance with all

their hearts, and some with all their minds. The untravelled Caledonian maid in nature's child: she shines the Terpsichore of the reel. The travelled, practiced beauty, studies each attitude and glance, and conquers in the artful waltz. Returned emigrants strike in the quadrille; while the *moderées* do their best in the English country dance.

And now the supper is announced! What buzzing, what arming, what seeking of partners, and what looking out for table companions! How are the eyes at work! Hope, fear, delight, anxiety and doubt, all reign in this little moment.—The supper is of the best. It is well chosen and befitting the table of a person of quality. The wines are exquisite; but the Lady Grizelda is not obtrusive in pressing them on her male friends. An *ultra* remarks, that the champagne has the taste of *Revenez-y*; and the ill natured ones say, that the negus is *water-proof*. But baring these two remarks, every one goes away at day-light, delighted with the urbanity, the kindness, the welcome and the hospitality of their Lady Hostess, who has put herself to no inconsiderable expense to please her friends.—Nor was the fête without its effect; some made mischief, and some made matches, in consequence thereof.

"Gang to bed, bairns," cries her ladyship, to her household troops, giving them a glass of wine each. They retire with a sigh. A great load is off their minds, a very little one is on their stomachs.—Now do her ladyship and nieces collect the ends of wax tapers, gather together the fragments of the feast, and unite the remains of bottles in comely decanters for another day,—this will be a rare week for the calls of country cousins! And they will not fail to make kind enquiries after her ladyship's health. The carnival will be short, and Lent must succeed it.

Well, it was one happy night! one splendid banquet! The wish to please overcame, upon this occasion, every other passion; and, after all, what are Lady Grizelda's reflections after this costly treat? What the difference betwixt herself and the most expensive dame at the west end of the British metropolis? The former can reflect with satisfaction, on having made a return, to her numerous entertaining friends, can flatter herself with standing on the record of fashionable parties, without any injury to herself or to her neighbours. A highland visit, or a prolongation of abstinence, will soon make up the expenditure of the feast; whilst Lady Squander is ruining herself by her parties in quick time, and either falls a self-devoted victim, at the shrine of fashion, or visits the continent, until time or death wipes off her debts, and leaves her unpaid tradesmen literally "to pay the Piper," of her fancy ball.

## THE DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, after *Il Flauto Magico*, was performed a new Ballet, *Le Plumet Rouge*; a performance probably produced with the mere object of varying the list of Ballets. It



was a representation of a fashionable ball. Quadrilles, some of them extremely pretty, were exhibited, with some national dances. A reel, a Russ dance, and unfortunately for our national graces, an English hornpipe. The Ballet might admit of improvements; but we presume that this was simply intended as a substitute. The house was full.

DRURY LANE closed on Saturday till next month. Kean is to run through his principal parts before going to America. As we have nothing to observe upon the dropping of the curtain, we may give our readers a bit of amusement, by transcribing the printed form of letter with which rejected pieces are returned to their authors, from this theatre. As if it were not sufficiently mortifying to full, the poor devils get an extra slap in the face by being assured, that while the writer begs to be spared the pain of pointing out their demerits, the doors of the theatre are open to "every kind of talent!"

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Sir—I am desired to return the manuscript of —, which you submitted to the judgment of Mr. Elliston.

The reasons which have led to the determination of returning it you will spare me the necessity of writing; they are founded upon the best attention; and upon the strictest impartiality.

Mr. Elliston is flattered by the preference which you have shown to the establishment; and, while he expresses his hope that you will still be mindful of its interests, he has the honour to declare his determination to open the doors of this theatre to every kind of talent which it may be in his power to sanction and reward. I am, &c.

Acting Manager.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Monday with an Address, the Green Man, and a new farce called Oil and Vinegar. The first, noticed the convenience of seeing and hearing which is enjoyed at this house; and announced, that the new theatre, to be built for next season, would be better, but not bigger. The second, exhibited Mr. Terry in his fine caustic peculiarity to great advantage, and introduced a Mr. Younger, from Dublin, in the unimportant part of Lord Rowcroft, Furley in Tokely's renowned Major Dumplin, a Mr. Williams, from Bath, as Closest, and a Miss Leigh, from Bristol, as Bertha,—characters which do not afford sufficient grounds for estimating the merits of their representatives. The third is barely amusing, though stated to be from the pen of that humourist, Mr. F. Hooke. The performances however were throughout, of an entertaining cast; and with the prospect of a new, moderate-sized theatre, the public may continue for one year more to endeavour to relish them, in spite of the noise and confusion of lobbies, apparently contrived on purpose to offend decorum and preclude gratification from the stage; and at the risk of life from passages and outlets evidently constructed to favour the destruction of a considerable number of the audience in the event of alarm or accident.

## VARIETIES.

Two rein-deer, one male and the other female, were in November last; conveyed from Lapland to a plain about two leagues from Ghent, where they live in a state of perfect freedom. They have endured the change of climate exceedingly well. The female has recently brought forth a female fawn, which is perfectly healthy, and there is every reason to expect that it may be successfully reared. This is the first instance of these animals having thriven and multiplied at so great a distance from their native country.

**Cathedral Abuses.**—A very marked and proper notice has been taken in Parliament of the indecent traffic by which our Cathedrals are turned into mere shows, for the selfish gains of individuals connected with the Chapters. The trees in the churchyard adjoining Westminster Abbey have, it seems, been cut down, for booths and benches to be hired out at the spectacle of the coronation. Indeed, the whole sacred depository of the ashes of the dead is as actively turning into show-rooms, as any ground ever was for a fair at Camberwell or Tothill-fields. Surely, surely this is very indecorous and unfeeling. What sentiment but disgust can be inspired, when the very graves are dishonoured for a paltry gain; and posts and stakes are struck through mouldering corpses, to sustain these profane edifices of unhallowed lure. We trust that having been noticed in consequence of this indecent proceeding, the House of Commons will not stop; but apply a general remedy to the disgraceful practices which exist, as was truly stated, in St. Paul's and Westminster; as well as in all places of the same sacred description, where similar unholy uses prevail.

**PARK PUN.**—A late member for Trinity College, Dublin, found himself seated one day at a large dinner, given by one of the senior fellows of that university, near a young man to whom he had not been introduced. They, however, soon entered into conversation; and the M. P. was quite delighted by the colloquial powers and great information of his neighbour. He took an early opportunity of asking his host the name of the young gentleman. "I thought you knew him," was the reply. "It is — the new Fellow." (It is to be remarked, that the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, vote for members of parliament, and are generally very influential in elections.) "Ah!" said the member, "is that the case? I really felt an attraction for him." "I do not doubt it," replied Dr. Kyle; "it must be an elective attraction."

At the Irish bar, Ninian Mahaffy, Esq. is as much above the middle size, as Mr. Collis is below it. (Mr. Mahaffy, in Curran's life time, was Deputy to Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the Admiralty in Ireland, and whenever he presided there, Curran used to say, that Court was very fitly called, the high Court of Admiralty.) When Lord Redesdale was Lord Chancellor in Ireland, Messrs.

Mahaffy and Collis happened to be retained in the same case a short time after his Lordship's elevation, and before he was acquainted personally with the Irish bar. Mr. Collis was opening the motion, when Lord R. observed; "Mr. Collis, when a barrister addresses the court, he must stand." "I am standing on the bench, my Lord," said Collis. "I beg a thousand pardons," replied his Lordship, somewhat confused; "sit down, Mr. Mahaffy." "I am sitting, My Lord," was the reply to the confounded Chancellor.

On this occasion, the following epigram, (attributed, as every pun in Ireland, good or bad is, to Lord Norbury, but really the production of a barrister then eminent, but now retired from the bar) was composed. Mahaffy and Collis, ill paired in a case, Representatives true of the rattling size ace; To the heights of the law, though I hope you will rise,

You will never be judges, I'm sure of asize.

The motto of the city of Cork arms is, "Statio benefida carius," altered from the *malefida* of Virgil; and most deservedly, with regard to the harbour of Cork. The city arms are of course commonly adopted for signs to houses of entertainment. But the ingenuity of a sign painter has, by a happy blunder, made the motto quite appropriate for an eating-house, over which his graphic pencil has displayed the arms. He has exhibited it, "Statio benefida carnis," (omitting the central i), which may be translated, An excellent place for meat.

The Bishop of Winchester has very speedily rendered serious the good humoured jest of his venerable brother of Durham, in our last Number. His lordship died at Chelsea, on Wednesday, in his 79th year, and 40th of his episcopacy.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 6.—Thermometer from 36 to 60.

Barometer from 30.30 to 30.31.

Wind N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy, with sunshine.

Friday, 7.—Thermometer from 38 to 65.

Barometer, stationary at 30.31.

Wind N. E. and N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds generally passing; at times clear.

Saturday, 8.—Thermometer from 52 to 58.

Barometer from 30.33 to 30.36.

Wind N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 1.—Generally cloudy.

Sunday, 9.—Thermometer from 49 to 66.

Barometer from 30.34 to 30.31.

Wind N. b. E. and N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 10.—Thermometer from 50 to 69.

Barometer from 30.31 to 30.25.

Wind E., E. b. N. and E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Tuesday, 11.—Thermometer from 59 to 70.

Barometer from 30.23 to 30.18.

Wind E. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clouds passing during the morning, the rest of the day clear.

Wednesday, 12.—Thermometer from 45 to 69.

Barometer from 30.13 to 30.05.

Wind E. b. N. 1.—Generally clear; heavy clouds passing at times.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To T. Ph. Barberi, ex Salvo pro Salvatore, ex carceri.

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